

# THE POLO PONY, TRIUMPH OF ANIMAL TRAINING

Part He Plays in the Game—Doesn't Know as Much as He Has Been Credited With Knowing

By J. HERBERT DUCKWORTH.

IT'S no use, Larry; he won't go over the boards to-day." Capt. Monte Waterbury, the polo player, was the speaker. The remark was made to Lawrence Fitzpatrick, the trainer of the \$100,000 worth of ponies that will be used by the American team in the international polo matches against the British four at Meadow Brook. The scene was the stables of George J. Gould's practice field at Lakewood, N. J., on an off day. The captain of the American team was referring to Sizzler, a very wise looking little polo pony, battle scarred, and the hero of many a hard fought match. As Sizzler refused absolutely to go out on the field and play there was nothing for Mr. Waterbury to do but ask another mount.

Why wouldn't Sizzler play? I put the question to the trainer perhaps the most experienced and successful handler of these temperamental and high strung little animals in the world. Sizzler wouldn't budge because he knew that he was simply being asked to tear up and down the field and get himself into a lather in order to give his master a little practice at knocking a ball about. The idea? Had a real game been in progress he would have jumped right into the fray and been ready to ride off all comers and take the hardest knocks from balls and sticks without flinching. The proud little beast wasn't born for the kind of hack work proposed. Such jobs were for ponies with less of the thoroughbred strain in their makeup.

You ask: What is a polo pony, and how came he by this almost human intelligence? A polo pony is a pony that plays polo. He may be a broncho from the Western plains; an English or Irish cob or galloway; an Argentine pony from stock derived from those native, or criollo, mares which for generations have run wild on the South American plains; a Waler from Australia or a pony bred for his life's work.

Almost invariably a polo pony of so-called international calibre is a dwarfed thoroughbred. He must be exceedingly quick at starting and turning, have terrific speed, and possess that do or die spirit at the last gasp of effort. Only animals from thoroughbred stock have, as a rule, this kind of courage.

And yet look at Carry the News, the most highly prized pony in the string put at the disposal of the American team. Carry the News, who is considered by Harry Payne Whitney to be the equal of Cottontail, now retired, and probably the best polo pony that ever lived, was bred in Hawaii. His ancestry is unknown. There is no native breed in Hawaii.

This famous light chestnut seems to have some of the old Spanish strain, and for this reason is believed by some to be a descendant of a pony taken out to the South Sea Islands from California. Others are sure that he must have come originally from Australia. But the lack of a pedigree has not handicapped Carry the News in his work on the polo field. He has courage, nerve, speed and other necessary playing qualities, and his owner, W. A. Baldwin, of the Hawaiian Polo Club of Honolulu, would not part with him for \$10,000.

And then there is the bay Helen C., who has also been brought all the way from Honolulu to help defend the international title. This polka-dot little mare looks something like a Texan. She shows the lines of a Texas quarter horse, although she is supposed to be California bred.

A lot has been written about ponies playing the game. They have been credited with knowing as much about polo as the riders. They are believed by many to have so much sense that they will kick the ball out of danger when the rider cannot reach it or miss it.

This is pure nonsense. The polo pony has brains, but his thinking powers are very limited. He learns by experience when a real game is on, just as a racehorse gets to understand what he has to do when he is lined up at the gate with a number of other horses at a track. The racehorse is always more excited in a race than when cantering leisurely in a field. So it is with a polo pony. The polo pony may be cold in the stable and yet show signs of being anxious for the fray while waiting to get into a match.

A polo pony is a triumph of animal training. He must be obedient. It is not a case of what a pony wants to do, but what the player wants him to do. Players would be killed in every game if the pony were allowed to play the game. If the pony had his own way he would probably go over the side-lines and get out of the battle as fast as he could. Many hard knocks and bumps must be taken in a fast game.

A first class pony must necessarily be plucky. Like a footballer, if he be deficient in pluck he will quit as soon as he begins to be buffeted about and hurt. No matter how handy a pony may be in practice, unless he is courageous in riding off and is not afraid of taking the risk of a head-on collision at top speed he has no place on a polo field. It is not a matter of breeding. A well bred pony is just as likely to be a coward as a nondescript ranch pony.

It is popularly believed that a polo pony is taught to follow the ball. This is not so. The pony goes in the direction in which the player guides him. As a matter of fact, years ago it was the practice, though to the credit of the game not a common one, to destroy the eye of a pony on the stick side. This, of course, was done to minimize the risk of the pony's flinching at the swing of the stick, but at the same time it would have made it exceedingly difficult for him to follow the ball if that had been his duty.

But these things a pony does know. He knows when a match is on, and seems to take a kitchin's delight in riding off another pony. But he certainly does not enjoy getting into a hot scrimmage and being made to turn in his own length in the middle of a gallop, or having his mouth jerked down first one way and then the other. After years of play he sometimes gets balky. At such times he puts his ears back, is loath to get into a jam, and refuses to fight. Many other po-

nies besides Sizzler don't mind putting in a hard afternoon's work in a good cause, but jib at the bother of being galloped up and down a field just for the sole purpose of giving a player a little exercise.

Sizzler is not the only famous pony in the cup defending string that sulks during practice. Brown Meg, Corker and Bertie are three aristocratic young thoroughbreds who hate to work just for the supposed fun of the thing. But put them in a match and they are ready to gallop and ride off until they

brothers, who have bred and trained more first class polo ponies than all the rest of the men in the business in England put together. Capt. Miller was master of the horse for the Duke of Westminster for the international tournament last year, and supplied all but six of the ponies that were brought over by the British team. The ingenuity used in training a pony for the fastest and most exciting game in the world amazed me.

I can remember well one spirited little black mare—Belle I'll call her—in her stall. As I watched her Belle poked her head nose into the trough, and almost instantly drew back her head with a toss of surprise. After a moment or two the long, graceful neck was again bent over the trough, and a few moments elapsed during which the animal patiently felt her oats, but the head was

not carry a stick at first. During the earlier lessons the pony is walked, then he is trotted and lastly cantered. There is no such word as galloping in the making of a pony. Galloping belongs only to the game. The pony is taught to turn to the right by the pressure of the reins on his neck or the feeling of the rider's leg pressed against his side. Next the pony is accustomed to the swing of the stick. The stick is handed quietly to the rider by a groom, just as in a game. The trainer walks off, swinging the mallet gently. The stick is never swished around, but swung gently so that the animal can see just what it is.

After a time a ball is knocked about. If the trainer by any chance should miss the ball the pony is not pulled up, but allowed to go forward. It would never do to have a pony pull up short when a ball was missed in a real game. Missed balls are picked up by the teammate behind, if he is fortunate enough to reach it before his opponent.

In order to be classified as a polo pony according to the accepted standard a pony must not measure more than fourteen hands two inches. This rule in games before 1909 was strictly enforced. Since then it has not been rigidly observed by either the British

# WHAT A COLLEGE BOY GOES THROUGH

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get away from the Evans until class time, and my mind wandered so much that I got Lizzie's family more mixed up than ever, and tipped over a big laugh in class while I tried to sort them out.

The boys at the house asked me a lot of supposedly smart questions that night about my new affair with Miss Evans, but I took it very scornfully, even if it did hurt. I was all messed up in my mind. Was it possible that Miss Scroggs didn't care to be bothered with me? No, it wasn't. But she certainly was discouraging. However, Petey Simmons never was a quitter. I didn't want to quit, anyway. I would have given a lot to sit around in that college library for a couple of hours with Miss Scroggs and have her sparkle away to me the way she did to those confounded girls

## George Fitch Tells How an Ingrowing Grouch Made Petey Simmons the Happiest of Men

cursed with girl friends—and after having got two distinct laughs from her by a line of talk that would have reduced one of the Browning Hall beauties to helpless mirth I came right out and asked her if I couldn't walk home with her. My knees shook when I did it.

"Why, there isn't the slightest use of that Mr. Simmons," she said kindly. "Ralph Madison lives next door and he'll take care of me."

Ralph Madison was a town student—a sophomore whose only prominent

neglecting them, anyway. They were, at least, kind and appreciative.

For a week or more I soused myself in society and attended the Kappa Kappa party with tremendous success, not less than eight girls confessing that they could do dancing with me. But I didn't enjoy myself. Somehow society seemed as unsatisfactory as a fifth dish of ice cream. I got to hanging around the library between classes, not in the hope of talking with Martha—I wouldn't have tried that again for a farm, but because it seemed kind of homelike in there, and I liked to watch her studying with her raincoat and tam on—they became her more than I supposed would be possible.

I got considerably interested in English history too while I was wasting time there. I had to amuse myself some way and I did a lot of reading in the hope that some day I could get up unexpectedly and recite to young Prof. Harris until he choked me off. It would be such a stunning surprise to him, coming from me. I chuckled at the thought of it. So I filled up on Macaulay until I was a walking biography of William of Orange, and one day when Prof. Harris ordered me up to do my usual tight wire balancing act between a flunk and a "passable" I sailed into the English for their attitude to Dutch Billy like a prosecuting attorney arraiging a chicken thief.

Prof. Harris had only escaped from England about two generations back and he bristled up when I tried to explain how sweet it was in the beef boilers to invite William over with his army and then after using them to boot said army out of the country as a nuisance—in a perfectly polite and well bred manner, of course—the English are always polite. So we had a little ten minute bicker, and every time Prof. Harris got a hammer lock on me I managed to fall back a generation or two and grab up some other English political crime which I had run across in the last week.

So I came out the deal without more than one shoulder on the mat, but pretty much worried—for Prof. Harris was determined to avenge his precious England, and I saw where it was up to P. Simmons to keep on stoking in history at the rate of one quarto volume a day.

I hurried over to the library after class and had just got Hume and Macaulay stacked up, one on each side, when I looked up and saw Miss Scroggs sitting near me and looking at me. She ducked her head with her peculiar little smile and bow. It warmed me clear to my shoes. I bowed back and went to work all cheered up. But I hadn't got more than a page or two worried down when some one dropped a note going by. It was from Miss Scroggs.

"Three cheers for the Dutch," it read. "Reinforcements coming by forced marches."

I smiled across to her and waved my hand around my head, meaning "Hurrah for our side" and "Soe et tu um," and other things. It made me feel mighty good and I decided when we ran out of Dutch compilations in English history to jump in on the French side if necessary and keep up the fight. After all it was a lot of fun to joust with a professor. It was as exciting as baseball.

Some one sat down by me and I closed the book. It was Miss Scroggs. She was just a plain girl, as I have carefully explained, and I can't see why I went so dotty and nervous all over just because she came over to talk to me. I suppose it was because—

At least that was the only reason I could discover.

"I've come over to ask if you've ever read Motley on William," she asked. "He's dandy now."

"I'll get him now," I said promptly. I got up, but hesitated a minute. While I was gone she would go away of course. I decided I wouldn't go away. Then I thought I'd better. Then I didn't know what to think. I looked down at Martha pleadingly. She looked up and didn't bat an eye.

"I'll find the place for you when you come back," she said.

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Next Sunday—Carling by Suggestion: It relieves Petey Simmons of a painful enlargement of the head.



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An exciting moment of polo in a practice game at Lakewood.

fall from exhaustion. Bertie is especially plucky and knowing, and for this reason is the favorite of Larry Waterbury. And Bertie has taken her full share of real work, for she helped defeat the British both in 1911 and last year.

But age does not always sour a pony. One of the easiest riding and most tractable and nervy mounts in the string of American international ponies is the American bred brown gelding Conover, a veteran of 22 years. Conover was taken over to England by Mr. Whitney in 1909, when the Westchester cup was recovered from England by the Big Four and did yeoman service for America in the games at Meadow Brook in 1911 and 1913. Owing to his pluck in the thick of a fight and his good nature, when being pushed the hardest Conover is the mount that both Mr. Whitney and J. M. Waterbury have the most affection for.

Among English ponies the most famous is undoubtedly Energy, the Duke of Westminster's chestnut mare. She has never been beaten in the show ring, and has won championships at Hurlingham and other places. Capt. Hardress Lloyd, who captained the British team in 1911, found Energy in Ireland. Last year the dashing English forward, Capt. Cheape, rode Energy in several chukkers at Meadow Brook, and those who saw the games will never forget how this pony raced nose and nose, fought and rode off Jacob, rated by some as the swiftest of the American string, who was ridden by Devereux Milburn, the American back.

The English pony that gained the most notoriety was the test match veteran Pretty Boy, a flea bitten gray. Like the Maltese Cat, Rudyard Kipling's pony, that won the famous match for the Skidder team against the Archangels, Pretty Boy seemed to be the wisest and grittiest of the British stable. Whenever the contest became particularly hot the Englishmen would signal for Pretty Boy to be brought out. Pretty Boy always seemed to be happy when the hoops were flying fast.

Love Charm, a chestnut mare, was bought by the Duke of Westminster from a Cheshire farmer, who was seen driving her to market with a truckload of cabbages. The pick of the lot in the Duke's stables, however, is Unknown, so named because she was purchased from an officer who had lost all trace of her pedigree and history. Poor Unknown! So nimble on her feet, and with such a seeming love for the game that the Duke was loath to let her come to America, deciding to keep her at home for his own use, this Indian bred mare is barred from winning blue ribbons in many classes because her ancestry is shrouded in mystery.

I once had the pleasure of spending three days at Rusty, England, at the time of the annual three day polo tournament, and of being shown over the stud farm of Capt. E. D. Miller and his

thrown back again and this time there was a whinny of impatience.

The stable boy's mouth expanded into a cheery crescent.

"You don't seem to like it, old girl, do you?" he said, patting the pony's neck, and with that trailed his hand loosely through the oats and fished out a polo ball.

It was not mere accident that the ball was there, for as yet bamboo root is not included in the cuisine of ponies. It was there because Belle was going to be a polo pony, and it was therefore essential that no opportunity should be lost in getting her acquainted with the feel and sight of the lively ball that she was soon to follow up and down the field of battle.

For this reason polo balls were interspersed through her oats, and not even at dinner was the animal exempt from the stringent regime of her training, for from the symbol of the dashing game that was to be her destiny. In this way Belle was to grow accustomed to the sight of the ball, so that when later the white sphere came hurtling through the air at the click of a well aimed blow she would not take fright and throw her rider.

In other stalls were ponies in a higher grade. These not only had balls mixed with their feed but were being bothered by polo sticks hanging from the rafters that tapped them on the ribs or their legs every time they moved. This was to cure them of any tendency to being stick shy. Out on one of the practice fields were half a dozen ponies being ridden by grooms who waved sticks wildly through the air, while more boys were being kept busy throwing balls at the ponies. Other ponies had dummy jockeys in the saddle.

But there is a vast difference between a pony trained and developed by a groom or any other person than the player and a pony trained and brought up by the man who is to afterward ride him in real play. While homestead ponies are the better, there is no royal road to turning out a good, intelligent mount. Here, however, are some of the golden rules:

1. Never run before you can walk.
2. Never begin any schooling until the pony has been settled down by ordinary exercise and has lost his first freshness and buoyant spirits.
3. Never attempt any schooling when it is raining or blowing.
4. Never hit a pony with a polo stick or whip.
5. Interfere with his mouth as little as possible.
6. Never make a sudden or unexpected move with the stick, hands or legs.
7. Don't sicken the pony by keeping him working too long.

A pony, after the ball throwing experience, is put through a course of bending. This consists of zigzagging him through a number of posts set about eight yards apart. The rider does

or the Americans. A 14.2 pony is too small to carry such heavy men as Milburn, Lockett and the Waterburys.

Whatever other necessary attributes a pony may have in these days he must be able to gallop, but the essential in the past, before the off side rule was rescinded, was a good mouth. A pony had to be more handy, as the game was closer with constant turning and twisting, which naturally diminished the pace. There are, however, many heroes of bygone battles on the polo field that would have been stars to-day, such as Syren, Luna, Bendigo, Sheila, Evie, Matchbox, Charito, Little Fairy, Nipcat and Rufus. They were all highly trained animals with mouths, pace and an intelligent knowledge of the game of polo played at its best.

friends. She looked as if she could be perfectly delighted if she felt that way.

I found out what church the Scroggses frequented the next week and decided to shift my attack. If I couldn't associate in college with Martha—I decided that I would call her that to myself because I liked the name—I would go out and use a church in a cold blooded fashion for the purpose. I went to two church socials and found Martha at the second one.

It seemed to me she was perhaps one thirty-second of a degree more cordial in her greeting—at any rate she bowed to me before I jogged her attention—and I made the most of it. I trailed around with her and behind her for half an hour, fighting my way through mobs of girl friends—I never saw a girl so

point was his teeth. He was a sissy and a nincompoop, and when he walked carelessly up and said "Ready, Martha?" I could have bitten him in two. They went off together like old and well worn friends, and I went out into the night and planned murder and arson for three hours.

Anyway, that ended it. I'd laid my pride down before Miss Scroggs, and she had not only walked on it but had wiped her feet on it. I'd tried to make a friend and companion out of a girl who would probably never have another chance to mingle with a real masculine mind. And what was the result? She had laughed at me. Very well. I would give up my large minded idea and go back and dally with the charming girls of the school. I had been a fool for

## Neglect of Teeth More Dangerous Than Abuse of Alcohol

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from headaches and restlessness to epilepsy, and from mild insomnia to dementia praecox. The same author reports that six out of eight such cases recovered upon relief of the impaction. It is significant that in no case was there any local pain and in only a few pain of any kind.

Holmes describes an interesting case of morbid timidity and nervous instability which appeared to be the result of impacted teeth. The boy became irritable, nervous and restless, gradually developing incorrigibility and habits of lying and stealing. He was brought before the juvenile court, treated for adenoids, &c., to no avail. Finally a dental examination was made which disclosed an extraordinary condition of impacted teeth. Treatment was followed by return to nervous control and complete moral reform.

It has been noticed by several investigators that children with bad teeth are extremely likely to be below normal size. Johnson found children with good teeth to average one-half year ahead of children of the same age whose teeth were bad. Wallis says that he has found children with severe oral sepsis (discharge of pus) nearly always under weight and frequently below grade. Henneberg found that children with good teeth gained 5 per cent. more in weight and nearly 10 per cent. more in height during one school year than children with bad teeth. The following are typical cases described by Colyer:

A girl of 4½ years, considerably below normal weight, was suffering from severe gastro-intestinal trouble. Several decayed teeth were filled or removed, following which the girl gained four pounds in four months, or twice the normal gain for the age in question. A girl of three years, weighing twenty-four pounds, developed tenderness of the teeth and lost one and a half

pounds in one month. The deciduous molars were removed and local treatment applied to the incisors. Within one month the child increased two and a quarter pounds.

The mouth is an ideal culture medium for germ life because of the warmth, moisture and nutritive material afforded. Streptococcus and staphylococcus, both pus producers, are always in the mouth. Pneumococcus (the germ causing pneumonia) and the tubercle bacillus are frequently found. On the basis of partial counts it has been estimated that a moderately unclean mouth may harbor more than a billion bacteria.

The enamel and dentine are not broken down by the bacteria directly, but by the acids produced by the action of bacteria upon the food particles left in the mouth. The problem, therefore, is the prevention of acids. The saliva, which is slightly alkaline, helps to do this. In ill health, however, the saliva may lose part or all of its neutralizing power; and what is still more important, food remnants that are left thickly plastered in the recesses of the teeth protect a part of the deposit from the effect of saliva and so permit the destructive processes to begin.

The rate of acid formation depends in part upon the nature of the food particles left in the mouth, the carbohydrates being the foods which most readily ferment and produce acids. For this reason a meal should not end with jams, jellies, cake, candy or other foods rich either in starch or sugar, nor should these be eaten between meals. When sweets are eaten they should be followed by solid foods, such as apples, which have a cleansing effect. The high susceptibility in this country to dental caries may be partly accounted for by the fact that our sugar consumption per capita is by far the highest in the world.

Some teeth remain perfectly sound without the slightest care; others re-

quire all the arts of dentistry to hold them together. We must consider, therefore, the tooth's nutrition.

Both sets of teeth are formed and imbedded in the jaw long before the end of prenatal life. When the milk teeth are beginning to appear the enamel of the permanent teeth is already developing. As far as is known enamel once formed changes little for better or for worse from natural causes. We must go through life with our original dental armaments. There is no second dispensation. When nutrition is insufficient during infancy and childhood the teeth are very likely to be imperfect. Growing cells cannot build a perfect structure without suitable material.

The main cause of infantile malnutrition is artificial feeding. Michael investigated the relation of dental caries to infant feeding in 11,762 children. Those who had been suckled ten months or more had only 9 per cent. of their teeth carious; those fed on cow's milk, 22 per cent.; those whose principal diet was oatmeal water, 27 per cent. Children suckled six months had teeth correspondingly inferior to those suckled ten months. Rose's study of 157,000 children shows the same thing. Even the mother's milk is sometimes inferior, due to worry, overwork, alcoholism, specific disease, &c. Jewish children, who as a rule are breast fed and otherwise well cared for, are much less subject to dental caries than other children.

It has not been demonstrated that the difference is one of racial heredity. From an examination of many skulls Underwood shows that dental caries is ten times as prevalent in western Europe to-day as it was a hundred years ago. European skulls of the eighteenth century average about one decayed tooth each; those of to-day about ten. Smith examined over 50,000 Egyptian skulls and found practical immunity up as far as 4000 B. C.; after that a

rapid increase. Of 500 "aristocratic" skulls dating from the pyramid epoch only five were free from decay.

It hardly seems possible that actual racial degeneracy as regards the power of the teeth to resist decay could establish itself so universally in a few generations. Nor is it necessary to assume such degeneration. Underwood, who has made the most extensive researches in this field, holds that the facts are readily explained in terms of changed food habits. Cooked, mushy and sticky foods have replaced foods that were resistant and fibrous. The consumption of sweets has been multiplied many times. Mastication can more easily be slighted. This tends to produce irregularities of the teeth and maldevelopment of the jaws. Babies are less often nourished in the natural way, and all through childhood there is a deficiency of the sun's rays and air activity necessary for healthy growth. The disease is a disease of civilization.

For these and other reasons the prevention of dental caries is becoming a more difficult problem than ever before. If the disease is not arrested, microorganisms will soon score their first complete victory.

Appropriate preventive treatment during childhood would probably insure good teeth to a majority of adults. Preventive measures should include especially cleanliness, thorough mastication, suitable food, the care of the temporary teeth, nutrition during infancy and childhood, the prevention of decay, the prevention of irregularity and the repair of defects as rapidly as they appear. To this end the school can make two contributions of the greatest importance: It can instruct children more thoroughly than it now does in the essentials of mouth hygiene; and it can undertake preventive and curative treatment in school dental clinics.

In fact there is no other matter of health where the proverbial ounce of prevention will go so far.